PORTO

HOW AMERICANS ARE INVESTING IN THIS NEW LAND.

Observations of The Journal's Own Correspondent Upon the Opporfunities That Are Offered to Labor and Capital.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, Oct. 9 --(Special.) This is the age of the sanguine business adventurer who comes to the Southland to wash out of the rich sell of Klondike. The man who had not the means of fitting out a three-master to round the It Was Unknown Before the Occupa-Horn and reach the Yukon has the \$60 in gold necessary to reach San Juan. He is full of bright dreams of the new land.

ond a quantity of Mauser carridges to be made up in the form of nenclis.

One man is making a little margin by schanging English gold for Perto Rican noney and buying back American money with the provincial silver at the rate of 1.75 to 8.

Si. to 51.

There is a distinct class of investors whose special mission is to supply the organ needs of the Americans themselves. This class build hundries, start saloons, furnish lodgings, open cheap restaurants, sell photographic goods and one quick observer cornered the American papers that came down on a boat recently and employed natives to retail them at 20 centuvos apiece.

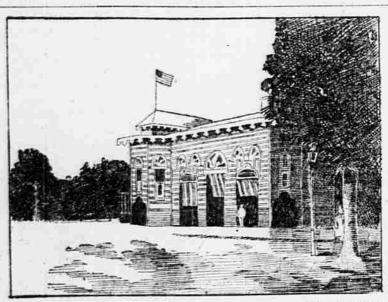
piece. There are as many ways of making mone. There are as many ways of making monty here as there are urgent needs and the American scents public wants with a keen rose. It may be said, however, that the significant business departure of the day is that of the man who opened a pawn-broker shop. He had scented the greatest want of all among Americans. The want of money to get back home again.

Porto Rico nuggets he failed to find at the NEW HARBOR IN PORTO RICO.

tion Because of Slaveholders'

Secret Compact. The people are benighted and know not the value of their heritage. The land needs but the magic touch of American enterprise to become an El Dorado.

It will be "settled" by Americans. The markets opened will be enormous in their demands. He will turn the streams into electric power and girdle the island with trolleys. He will put a telephone in every will ever change their former system of cocoa-thatched but and will run diners from the capital to Ponce. The simple Investigations recently made by General



-From a Photograph.

FIRE ENGINE HOUSE, PONCE.

native will be taught to know the beauty of the continuous performance and the light by General Stone will affect materiality took a year of cruel hardship and dispression of the island.

native will be taught to know the beauty of the continuous performance and the kinetoscope.

It took a year of cruel hardship and dis-appointment to show in what measure the Yukon fell short of being an investor's paradise. It will take a much shorter When General Miles was seeking a landparadise. It will take a much shorter time to convince the sanguine invader of this conquered realm in the West Indies, of the hollowness of some of his bright visions. He will find that the land is already "settled" in respect both to the number of inhabitants and the ways and customs of its people. There are more men and women to the square mile here than in the state of Pennsylvania. The mountains are populated almost to their very tops. The huts of bark cluster in every cocca grove. The roads are lined with the native houses and the valleys are filled with the canefields, each with its mill and home of the plantation owner.

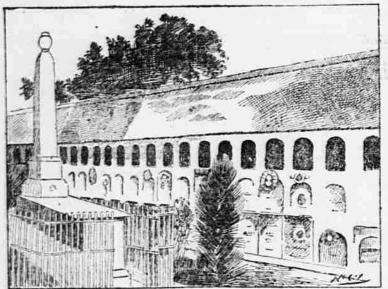
But there is a class of investor who figures in quick returns and present conditions and makes money in Porto Rico just as he would if he spent the same amount of chergy in New York, Kansas City or Minneapolis. His cardinal principle is: "What people want very badly, they will pay a good deal for." The Porto Rican who threw flowers in the path of General Miles wanted American flags and buttons very badly and the four young men from New island. Once on board an outgoing vessel

When General Miles was seeking a mini-ing place for the American troops his at-tention was called to the apparent advan-tages offered by the harbor known to the Spanish marines as Boca del Inflerno or the Mouth of Hell. It is a long bay situated to the southwest of Guayama, formed by Pozuelo point on the cast and Colchones point on the west. No trustworthy infor-mation was bowever attainable in regard ready "settled" in respect both to the number of inhabitants and the ways and customs of its people. There are more men and women to the square mile here than in the state of Pennsylvania. The mountains are populated almost to their very tope. The huts of bark cluster in every tope. The roads are lined with the rantive houses and the valleys are filled with the canelleds, each with its mill and home of the plantation owner.

The people are simple in their demands. A great political change is not likely to materially affect their bodily needs. They will still prefer, it is probable, to cut a few hamanas at their door-side, to telephoning an order to an American grocery store to send a delivery wagon with a few cans of French peas. The ways of the people have been formed for 120 years. The presence of electric light plants, artificial ice manufactories and telephones in Mayaguez. Ponce and San Juan are surprising to one who has observed the habits and methods of the inhabitants. The simple habits and "last century" customs of the people make these enterprises seem anachronisms.

How Some Will Make Money.

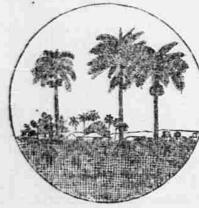
But there is a class of investor who fig-



CEMETERY IN PONCE.

Vork who appreciated this fact and brought flags down with them have picked from Porte Rico soil more nuggets than they would have found in a good sixed "wash" on the Yukon. Two Americans from Chicago found that the merchants who lived in Rio Piedras and the other suburbs of Sin Juan wanted very badly to get into the city quickly in the morning, so they quietly brought up the forty-year franchise of the environs of San Juan. They will put in American methods and realing stock and on the present receipts of the road they figure a 15 per cent return on their little fiyer. All the paper of the island being imported, and there being good wood pulp and chean labor on the south coast, a few young Westerners will start a paper.

DIAMOND EDOCED STOLE CAME



—From a Photograph.

RANCH NEAR PONCE.

The lower edge is nearly four feet above the ground. The block of stone which is to be sawed is placed on a track and run under the saw, which splits it at the rate of ten inches per minute.

And no wonder. It is literally a diamond toothed saw, the largest in existence. It can saw the hardest stone by the port, but it is considered probable that an English syndicate will be given the franchise. A New Yorker has contracted for an old Spanish manof-war in the port of San Juan and will clear some three times his outlay from the copper and brass she contains.

Riffes as Carlos.

DIAMOND-EDGED STONE SAW. With Ten Horse Power It Will Cut Material for Paris Exposition

rom the New York World. The most wonderful of buzzsaws has just een devised by M. Felix Fromholt, an engineer of Paris, for use in preparing the stone foundations for the exhibition build-

Buildings.

It is more than seven feet in diameter and is operated by a ten horse power en-

Another snapshot investor is arranging to take back to the United States a stock of Spanish rifles to be sold as curiosities by Life, and shall not propose another time." "How superstitious you are, Mr. Binks."—Brook-

INDIAN FIGHT

FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE OF TWO MISSOURI FAMILIES.

The Story of the Massacre of Mr. and Mrs. Yeater, of Sedalia, and th Hours of Horror Endured by Mr. and Mrs. Shy.

The recent Indian outbreaks in Minnota have called to mind many thrillingepisodes which took place at a time hen Geronimo and his band of fierce Apphes were stirring up strife in the Southest. Geronimo was interviewed at Omahathe other day and expressed contempt fothe coolish tribes that are at present rebeng. He can see the utter folly now of wing war against numbers inestimably greer and superior advantages. But there we time when Geronimo was not so wolly wise. Mr.John T. Shy, of the Clay Robion ommission Company of this city, carell of a terrible twelve hours' fight agist

he wily old savage.

Mr. Shy and Mr. Jack Yeater, of Saa, were at the time of the Apache tbreak owners of a large cattle rich twenty-four miles from Deming, N.J. On the day of the uprising, Noveer 1885, Mr. and Mrs. Shy and their n. Larry, II years old, were in their he and totally unaware that the Indians re anywhere in the neighborhood. Mr. y sat next a window, and glancing out w an Indian alming a rifle at him. Ready for his gun, he called to his family hide and rushed to the window. Botle and the Indian fired at the same mone. The Indian's aim was erring, and Mr. y does not know whether his own shot k effect or not.

Indians Surrounded the House, There were nineteen Apaches surrol Mr. and Mrs. Yeater away and Mr. Shy was pitted against th all. Fullets began to whiz throughes thin boarding of the ranch house. Mrs. Shy and her boy, in seeklin place of safety, retreated upstairs, onimo, the chief of the attacking by place of safety, retreated upstairs, tonimo, the chief of the attacking by tried to persuade Mr. Shy to come, saying that they were not had indicated and had no intention of killing him, their false promises had no effect the experienced ranchman. The firing began again. Mr. Yea house was hurning and before long Shy's house was in flames, Mrs. Shy Larry hurried downstairs and the tran for refuge to a pile of rocks not away.

As he ran Mr. Shy returned with As he ran Mr. Shy returned with verthe fire of the Indians, killing two of the Indians, killing two of the Indians secured a fortunate possible and managed to hold his enemies at while his wife climbed up the moun to a canon where he felt that she were been self-or a while at least. His sore sent after her, but as the little fellow climbing down a rock, he was shot in hip and, from his position, Mr. Shy saw fall to the ground. His father told to crawl into the canon where his mowns probably hiding, while he drove the advancing horde.

to crawl into the canon where his me was probably hiding, while he drove the advancing horde.

Wounded and Suffering on the Month of the mountain the hiding on the Month of the mountain and punch had almost frezen him. He crept dow the smoldering embers of the houses was hunting something, to cover hit with, when his mother, seeing nim above, came stealthily down to him, took off her wooden underskirt, wrahim it and, draggling him to a covered him with brush and twiss cautioned him to keep perfectly quiet Mrs. Shy then the mountain non, she had gone the miles she heard show could, she reached amonth on the could, she reached and some perflous journey to Deming for Crawling over the mountains non, she had gone the miles she heard show could see men riding sit along, but she feared to speak, least along, but she feared to speak, least along, but she feared to speak, least the men rode by. They were in the men sent out from Deming by the boys, who had taken the alarm. Hiding in the sage brush she waited the men rode by. They were in the men sent out from Deming by the boys, who had taken the alarm. Hiding in the sage brush she waited the men rode by. They were in the men sent out from Deming by the boys, who had taken the alarm. Hiding in the sage brush she waited the men rode by. They were in the men sent out from Deming by the boys, who had taken the alarm. The actor was starting at the ceiling, his features set; the men seemed her hiding place an ing at the ceiling, his features set; the features set; the words came only in words and that they were rescuers. She made self known and one of the men took her on his horse to Deming, at the ceiling, his features set; the words and the w

houses. Mr. Sny tours have they were white men or more Indian had only 25 cartridges left, and he discreetly silent. He had made ever fort to find his boy, but not daring out, he had not succeeded. In a of suspense as to the whereabouts wife and child, and frozen by the winds, he sat upon the rocks waitin wendering what horrible thing wouspen next. The agonies of that time not be imagined.

The second posse of men came up to the first, fearing that a might be made in firing. They wand called to each other. Then of Mr. Shy the welcome realization the vigil was over. He called to the masked if anything had been seen wife. As he was being told that she safe in Deming, his boy called out from hiding place only a few feet away, was the happlest moment of my life. Mr. Shy. "I can never hope to happy again."

Mr. Shy. "I can never hope to happy again."
Mr. Shy and his son were taken to happy again. "I have the rescuers. On the wood horses had been stolen; the harm on the readside near the vehice; Mrer had been shot through the he wife had been shot through the he wife had been hacked to death tormahawk.

tomahawk.

Taking two of the cowboys' hor making lines of lariats, the vehic soon equipped. The two bodies were n it, taken to Deming and af-prwarded to Sedalia. Twelve of the men in the rescul nt houses a Indians and followed them. Sev away they found blood stained by which proved that Mr. Shy's rife | effective work. Thirty-live dead r were found in the path of the Finally the band was captured eral Miles and sent to Florida. cral Miles and sent to Florida.

Air Silv remained in Deming si still operating his ranch. Then to Kansas City. He is very retice his battle with the Apaches, memories of those twelve hours o and suspense grow none the less with the flight of time.

Airs Shy and her son are both in preserve vivid recollections of thrilling experience.

THE KAISER AS A STUD Picture From a Painting Bonn Has Been Smuggled This Country.

Here is a reproduction from a the German emperor which he made and which he presented to I lege society, the Bonner Borussa, lege society, the Bonner Borussa, casion of a visit to Bonn-on-where he spent his university desaid to be the only picture which his majesty as a student and men Bonner Borussa. A Bonn phe made copies of the painting a tago and put them on sale. He was ately notified to withdraw then copies were destroyed by the a The copy from which this cut was smuggled out of Germany uggled out of Germany

I would that thou wouldst leave me, it is the presence as the moments come and is torture; this, and only this, I know Yet I have loved thee, fair, unwelcome and at the bidding stretched my are But empty space, but falling tears and Where'er I go thou goest but to bit The tyrant's cords about me—yet refur I've learned at last that thou art mo Oh, leave my heart, and me er come had the stretch of the stretch

NERVOUS MAN AND THE CIGAR. JOHN W. HUTCHINSON This Time the Game Was

A whist game was in progress in the buffet room of a downtown hotel. The lonfer and the theatrical man were chance acquaintances of the drummers, and both and proven agreeable companions for an cventless evening. The actor puffed volumes of smoke and played the game well. Unlike the average whist player he preferred a good story between hands to a 'post mortem' on the preceding plays, a weakness which the others betrayed.

The shoe man had trumped his partner's high card. There was no excuse for it but his own nervousness. His nervousness was owing to the actor's leaving the ash on his cigar. The white cone had grown to more than one-third of the cigar's length, it trembled and appeared eventless evening. The actor puffed vol-

Against Him.

学 bled and appeared momentarily about to The shoe man watched it in furrive suspense. Its owner scemed oblivious to the ash, to the peril of his spotless waist-coat and to the mental state of his acquaintance. In his heart the shoe man knew he did not care whether the ash fell or not, and, in the event, whether it sprinkled its powdered whiteness over the beautiful vest or disappeared in the rum. appeared in the rum-pled bosom. But try as he would he could not dispel the fasci-nation.

Each new moment found him in the same polgnant situa-tion, the equally unertain propositions balancing themselves certain propositions balancing themselves on the pinnacle of his despair; it will fail now, it is still there. He was aggravated, his attention distracted from the cards. No wonder he played a trump when the actor, carelessly removed the cigar from his lips without a crisis to the ashes or his own appared.

Then the nervous man spoke out: "Pardon me, you're going to drop your ashes."

ashes."

There was an amused twinkle in the actor's eyes. He blew deliberately a long whist of smoke to the ceiling and replied: "I make it a rule never to dust my cigar, it's a peculiarity, I own, and maybe it looks ridiculous to you. I make no excuse; I can't help it. This, however, is a long filler and an extra good wrapper; it won't break for ten minutes at least."

"It will fall off the next puff," said the nervoys man, ervovs man, The actor puffed, "The next," venti

The actor puffed.

"The next." ventured the loafer.
The sinoker unifed again. The dealer had forgotten the cards.

"Tell you what I'll do." said the actor.

"I'll bet you 50 cents I can take fifteen puffs without losing the ash."

"I'll take that," said the nervous man.
The actor counted slowly between puffs,
"One, two, three," up to fifteen.
Sticks together tighter than the thirteen colonies during the Revolution," laconically remarked the other traveling man. man.
"I'll bet I can take fifteen more," said

"Twelve," exclaimed the shoe man, wink-ing at the other drummer. "Leave it to

Ing at the other drummer. "Leave it to anyone."

"Twelve." agreed his companion.

The actor's face flushed with anger.

"Leave it to—"

The words were fatal. In his excitement he had moved his lips, jarred the fragile monument of his genius and precipitated a shower of ashes over his shirt-front.

"That is the first time I was ever beaten," said he, when the laugh had died out. "You worked me that time, but that cigar has won me a few dollars and I still figure it good for forty puffs, on the last half."

C. T. S.

In the Asylum.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"What's the matter with the poor fel-"He tried to invent a double headed co-undrum on Senator Matt Quay and this "re writer Sienkiewicz."
"Didn't he succeed?"

"Didn't he succeed?"
"No. He only got as far as 'Because one is Quo Vadis and the other is Quay.....' and there he stuck. It's a sad case,"



"Do you think that Solomon was as wise as is stated?"

"No, I don't. Why, my dear young lady, look what a lot of money he locked up in the building of the Temple when he might have had good interest for it."

HE IS THE LAST OF THE ORIGINAL HUTCHINSONS.

Recalling Early Days With a Pioneer Friend-How He Started Out to Do What He Could for Kansas.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 14.-(Special.) Colonel John H. Stevens, "father of Mineapolis," sat on the side porch of his house late Wednesday afternoon reading. He beard the sound of a familiar voice and aught the words, "I come, I come;" looking up he saw a gray bearded man, whose ing up he saw a gray bearded man, whose ong white locks hung over his colfar, de-cending from a carriage. In a moment nore he had grasped the hand of his old line friend, John W. Hutchinson, "the last of the Hutchinson." f the Hutchinsons."

Mrs. Stevens came out to join in the

airs. Stevens came out to join in the reminiscent conversation that followed and, attracted by the singing with which Mr. Hutchinson interspersed his remarks, Samuel H. Folson, another out-timer, crossed the street to join the group.

There was much talk of the stormy days before the war and of the early settlement of Minnesota; of the days when it



JOHN W. HUTCHINSON. The Last of the Original Hutchinsons

was an event of a lifetime to hear the Hutchinson family sing.

Mr. Hutchinson, now and then singing one of his oid-time songs, his eyes closed or half closed, told how he and his brother Asa came to Minnesota in 1855 and founded the town of Hutchinson.

They had heard a stirring anti-slavery lecturer tell about the awful state of affairs in bleeding Kansas. As they went out of the meeting in the New England city John said to Asa:

"Brother, let us go to Kansas to do what we can for the cause."

"All right," said Asa.

"Good," said John, "will you start to-night?"

"Yes."
1 proposed to start the same night."
said the surviving brother, "because I was
afraid that my impulsive brother would
change his mind the next day."
So with that brief warning they started
for the West at 10 o'clock at night and
drove fifty miles on their way before morning.

On Toward Bleeding Kansas.

They pushed on toward bleeding Kansas as fast as the crude transportation facilias fast as the crude transportation facilities of that time would permit. But when they reached illinois, they fell in with other travelers who told of the giories of the upper Mississippi and Minnesota. "You must see the Mississippi scenery," said everybody. With Kansas constantly in his thoughts, John hated to turn northward, but he was in the minority.

So the brothers went to St. Paul, where they sang again and again.

Colonel Stevens and another old-timer, Messer, went over from Minneapolis to bear them. They were enchanted, and persuaded the singers to come to St. Anteception was tendered them in Colonel Stevens' little old house on the river bank, which is now preserved at Minnehaha, All of Minneapolis turned out. "Yes, yes, what splendid music!" said Colonel Stevens, his eyes sparkling in memory of that far off time, "We had a pretty good plano in the house and you had a melodeon that was pretty near as good as an organ." tles of that time would permit. But when

good as an organ."
Then the colonel insisted that the trav-

bad a melodeon that was pretty near as good as an organ."

Then the colonel insisted that the travelers must go with him through the big woods and out to see the great prairies of Minnesota. It was late in the fall, and cold, but they started.

On they drove through that grand hardwood forest that was once the glory of Minnesota. A few miles out from Minnesota and they were in the primeval wilderness. The Hutchinsons marveled at what they saw and the colonel was delighted to point out and explain.

"Do you remember the eight mile Dutchman?" he inquired of Mr. Hutchinson.

"Oh, yes," replied the singer of 5 years, whose memory is very good. "He wouldn't let our driver have any hay, and had to be knocked down as an argument.

Beyond the woods were the great praities black as tar from the prairie fires that had swept over them. Deer, elk, antelope and wolves ran over the black laniscape as the travelers drove on. At night they had nothing but a little awning to shelter them from the December cold.

"But we had plenty of good blankets," said the colonel, "and at night we pilled bigh the big camp fire."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Mr. Hutchinson, "weren't those splendid fires! And do you remember that afterwards cooked it?"

"Of course I do," replied the colonel. "I remember everything that occurred on that trip."

"And then." went on the old singer, "do you remember when we came to that heav,

"And then," went on the old singer, "do you remember when we came to that beautiful place in the valley of the Crow river, tiful place in the valley of the Crow river, and I said: 'Here is the most beautiful place in all the world for a town,' and how we camped there and took up our claims and called the place Hutchinson?' 'Yes, yes, yes,' the colonel kept saying, as the past was brought before his mind. 'And to this day,' continued the other, no man sees the village of Hutchinson in Minnesota that does not say that no other community is like unto it in natural beauty." Mr. Folsom recalled how the Hutchin

son cabin looked the year following, after a settlement had been made, and twitted the singer of how the Hutchinsons used to sing of the goal times combined. sing of the good times comis 'And they never came, did they?" asked Mr. Folsom

Mr. Folsom.

"Yes, yes, brother," answered the singer prophet.

"Oh, in some ways, yes; but the times you sung of will never come to us in the flesh. They are not for this world."

"It matters little, it matters little," said the singer, as he brushed back his patriarchal gray hair. "It comes, it comes." Then Mr. Hutchinson told how he and his brother drove overland through the winter weather to Dubuque, whence they went to St. Louis. There they tried to sing, but the mayor would give them no protection, and the crowds hooted the abolitionists. And they turned their faces eastward.

eastward. Hutchinson, Kns. It was not until 1868 that the Hutchinsen idea of doing something for Kansas was realized. Then was founded the city Hutchinson, which now has 19,000 or 15.000 people.

And so the old men talked on, with Mrs.
Stevens putting in a word now and then.
Mr. Hutchinson spoke of his latest crusade for good roads, and then spoke enthusiastically of the czar's disarmament letter.

thuslastically of the czar's disarmament letter.

"Ah." he said, "that letter is grand. It cught to make us ashamed of ourselves. Here we have had our miserable little war; we have sunk a score of ships; we have killed a few hundred men; thousands more have died; we talk of national glory and honor, and here comes the czar and takes a stand for everlasting peace. It is the beginning of the milennial period foretold by the prophets,

by the prophets.

"We are tardy, but we still have an opportunity to take a step as noble as the czar's; let us put an end to the wretched dispute over the Philippines, and offer them to the world. Let us invite all the nation of earth there to unite with us, and estab-

lish a model government. Here are my thoughts as I conceived them on August I," and Mr. Hutchinson produced the following document.

A Manifesto for the Good of Mankind."

Let the world consider the best method of arriving at an amicable state of peace and good understanding between nations. All pride of nationality that otherwise might serve as a clog to the wheels of the movement must be laid aside.

Let every nation name a commissioner who shall represent it in the government of the Philippines.

Let there be a complete understanding and total disarmament of all the forces in the Philippines.

This novel undertaking will be the first step toward universal peace.

An array of such councilors from all nations must institute and inaugurate a stable government that will secure the highest possibilities of human advancement.

vancement.

Then truly will be established the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. For this method we will gain the trust and confidence of our fellow. men.

Our free and peaceable intercourse with other nations thus established will increase our comierce, and all ships will bear the ensign of the new nation, as well as their own. As they sail the seas they will hall each other with signal of good cheer.

"My country, the world: my countrymen, all manking.

Let wisdom preside over our deliberations."

Vice President of the World's Peace Union.

That is the 1898 idea of a man who be-

Vice President of the World's Peace Union.

That is the 1898 idea of a man who belongs to a family that has sung freedom for the slaves, woman suffrage temperance reform and the triumph of the Union, it is visionary, to be sure, but the Hutchinsons were always visionary.

Mr. Hutchinson talks of getting up meetings to push the Universal Peace movement. If it were thirty years earlier, his family would sing of its progress.

Perhaps he will have one meeting here.
But it can be no such meeting as the meetings before the war, when, with Judson and Asa and Abbey, now gathered to the fathers, he sang:

Oh, the car of emancipation

Oh, the car of emancipation Rolls majestic through the nation. In a few days Mr. Hutchinson will return to his home. "High Rock," Lynn, Mass, there to awalt the coming of the end, hopeful of the future, and enjoying this life to the last.

CHASING BUTTERFLIES. Mr. Nobbleton Draws a Moral for the Benefit of "Older

Children." From the New York Sun. "In a city park," said Mr. Nobbleton, "I saw some children chasing little yellow butterflies, as children everywhere like to do; there is no more absorbing pursuit in pleasure. But what struck me most curiously here was that a little girl whom saw thus engaged was chasing her butterfly with her brother's cap, while a boy

Helen Varick Boswell Is the Leader of Petticont Politics in New York.

Miss Helen Varick Boswell, the stanch



HELEN V. BOSWELL

personal influence in the closely congested personal influence in the closely congested tenement districts, where their house-to-house canvass, with Mrs. Clarence Burns at their head, became a systematized attack that bore its own fruit. This method of winning votes will not be discontinued in the present struggle, but greater stress will be laid on the women speakers, wno will make their appeal to the men at the various meetings throughout the state.

The chairmen of different county committees have already furnished Miss Boswell more than 1,000 names of women anxious to tak practical part in the campaign. Those will be organized and detailed for service by trained workers sent out for the purpose.

Effect the Same.

From the Detroit Free Press.

MRS. NAT COLLINS IS ONE OF THE

WEALTHIEST OF STOCK RAISERS.

She Accompanies Her Stock to the

Markets-Her Romantie Career-

Beginning of Her Busi-

ness Life.

Mrs. Nat Collins is one of the wealthiest



MRS. NAT COLLINS.

whom I met later was running after a butterfly with the broad brimmed hat of his sister. They each seemed to think the other's hat better for the purpose than their own.

"How like to them we older children are! How apt to think, if we had the special talent or the favoring surrounding circumstances of somebody else, how much better we could do, when the fact is that we can each do best with the tools with which nature has endowed us. And happy he who discovers that fact and sets bravely to work with them."

A WOMAN CAMPAIGNER.

Helen Variet Research while a boy which her broad britants and is also 35 miles from the nearest railroad. Thus it can be seen that the cattle queen is located remotely enough to almost rival Robinson Crusoe for isolation.

Mrs. Collins' Career.

Mrs. Collins' Career.

Her career has been romantic, although not devoid of what would be considered grievous hardships by the average Amer-

miner. The marriage occurred about thirty years ago, and shortly after the ceremony the young couple quit the mining camps and went into the northern part of Montana and established themselves in the stock-raising business, to which they have clung persistently and with great success ever since. They have but one child, a daughter 16 years old.

Beginning of the Business.

They began ranching with about 450 head

of stock. The animals were turned loose upon the plains and allowed to increase and multiply as rapidly as they would, and to-day Mrs. Collins says it would be utterly impossible for her to give even an estimate of the number of head of cattle upon her various ranches. No effort is made to count them. Each year they round up as many as they care to ship and the others are unmolested.

"The Cattle Queen" has well earned her reputation. Probably no one person in Montana has larger cattle interests than she. Her success has been due to her own interest and exertions, for her husband is one of those quiet individuals who prefer to take life with as little trouble as possible. When Mrs. Collins began to ship her stock to the Eastern market she found herself confronted by railway rules and regulations which expressly stated that no woman could ride in the and multiply as rapidly as they would, way rines and regulations which expressly stated that no woman could ride in the cabooses attached to the stock trains. She immediately put in a protest, and as the agent could give her no satisfaction she carried the matter to the division superintendent. That official found him-Effect the Same.

From the Detroit Pree Press.

This one is told by some of the Michigan boys on a son of the old sod who was with a regiment that helped make the gallant charge up the hill at San Juan.

Two or three of the boys came upon Tim while he was dancing around behind a big actus, ducking his head and twisting his neck like a man looking for a squirrel dodging about in the thick foliage.

"What's the matter?" was asked of Tim.

"Whist' Hould your blather, There's one of thim yeller fellows in that tra furninst, a sharpshootin' the boya, and whin his head bobs out I'll blow it off."

"But your gun's all knocked to pieces. You can't fire it."

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"Pst! Kape still till Ol've drapped the Spanish divil, will yez? He don't know there's anything the matter wid the ould gun!"

An Enterprising Exception.

From the Gereland Plain Dealer.

"I'm tired of all this discouraging talk about the Klondike offering no openings for enterprising young men."

"True, isn't it."

"Of course it isn't. Look at my young friend Al Bobson. Cleared up thirty thousand in a month. I reckon he found an opening all right. Yes, sir, he opened a faro bank the day after he got there!"

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